

The Times-Dispatch.

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SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1904.

Does Education Help the Negro?

We print to-day another series of letters from distinguished educators in Virginia on the subject of negro education. Dr. Friswell is at the head of the Normal School at Hampton, and has given a considerable part of his life to this work; Dr. McIlwaine is at the head of Hampden-Sidney College, and has been engaged most of his life in educational work; Captain Vawter is at the head of the Miller Manual School and member of the board of visitors of the Negro Normal School in Petersburg; President Johnston is at the head of the Petersburg School, and is one of the most sensible and most highly respected negroes in Virginia. These men all agree that the negro is benefited by education. But they agree also that he must be educated in morals and manners, as well as in mind. It will take time to work out the problem, but the Southern people have never failed to meet bravely and intelligently every situation that has confronted them, and they will not balk at the negro problem.

One mistake that most of us make in this life is that we concern ourselves too much about results. We cannot control results. We can only take care of the present and attend to the duties of the present, and do what seems to us to be right and judicious with the lights before us. But if we will meet all our duties in this spirit, we can well afford to leave the results to that divinity which shapes our ends.

It is very true that in many instances the results of our labors in behalf of negro education have not been unsatisfactory, not to say discouraging. But, as President Johnston says in the conclusion of his article, suppose we had turned the negro loose after the war and left him to take care of himself, without giving him or his children any sort of instruction, without attempting to educate the blacks in mind or morals, but leaving them to grow up as so many wild beasts, can any man say that the situation would have been better than it is?

The bare suggestion of such a thing is appalling. But there is much of positive encouragement in our efforts in the direction of negro training. Dr. Friswell says that "neither Hampton nor Tuskegee is able to find any of its graduates behind the bars or convicted of crime," and that "so far as is known, no graduate of either institution has ever been guilty of the crime against women." There is no argument against facts like these.

The Primary Law.

In a private letter a prominent citizen of Lynchburg says that there is not a lawyer in that city of any standing who does not believe that the primary election law of January 11, 1901, is unconstitutional, and, therefore, null and void. Section 52 of the new Constitution declares:

"No law shall embrace more than one subject, which shall be expressed in its title, nor shall any law be revived or amended with reference to its title, but the act revived, or the section amended, shall be re-enacted and published in length."

Our friend points out that, in the title to this act, nothing is said of primary elections, which is the new object of legislation, and is not germane to chapter 20 of the Code of 1887. "If it was mentioned in the title as primary elections," he goes on, "then the act would have two objects, which would still be in violation of section 52 of the Constitution. So it seems that we are in a muddle, and so that to legalize a primary requires a separate act."

We are undoubtedly in a muddle. This act, whether it be constitutional or not, is not at all clear, and if it remains as it is, there will be much confusion. The Legislature should by all means clear up all doubts on this score before it adjourns.

The Inspection System.

We are pleased to hear that a bill is shortly to be offered in the General Assembly to create the office of traveling auditor for the State. We hope that the bill will be introduced, and we hope that it will pass. It is a measure in the right direction, and the pity is that the bill was not taken up and adopted when it was introduced years ago by Senator Glass, of Lynchburg.

Every now and then it crops out, usually by accident, that some State official has been faithless to his trust, and has either stolen outright or misappropriated public funds. Then there is a great outcry and a demand for an investigation. But the remarkable part of it is that these demands are not heard, nor these demands for investigation, until some official has been caught stealing.

We need in Virginia the proverbial ounce of prevention; we need a system which will investigate in advance and keep public officials up to their duty.

The official who knows that he must submit his books to inspection every now and then will have a stimulus to action, which he will not have when he knows that he may go on indefinitely without such inspection. The official who is never called to account is better than the average run of humanity if he does not fall into loose and careless habits.

We should have the inspection system in Virginia, because it is business-like; because the best managed corporations of the country regard such a system as indispensable. We need it to prevent dishonesty and carelessness. We need it to insure a modern and uniform system of book-keeping in all parts of the State.

Only the other day it was reported from the county of Russell that the amounts received on the income tax account were charged up under the head of personal taxes. This, to be sure, is a mere straw, but is significant. We are satisfied from all that we have heard that the system of book-keeping in many of the counties is slipshod and in great need of improvement. Let us have the business affairs of the State conducted in a business-like manner. If so, our revenues will be greater and there will be fewer occasions for investigation.

Sunday School Music.

At the session meeting in Philadelphia last week of the County Sabbath School Association, Rev. H. B. Groce, secretary of the American Musical Society, sharply criticized modern Sunday school music. "It seems almost irreverent," said he, "the manner in which floods of hymns are pouring in upon our Sunday schools, and it is just as much a crime to teach the children the mush and slush of these hymns as to instruct them in wrong doctrines. For the sake of money our publishing houses are swamped with such stuff."

Mr. Groce also showed that many of the so-called original sacred tunes were mere adaptations of such popular airs as "Yankee Doodle," and "Drink Her Down! Drink Her Down!" one or two notes-only being changed to disguise in a measure the original. Other instances were cited where choirs were singing music that was intended for dancing halls and similar places of amusement.

That reminds us that on a certain occasion the children were trying to sing a Sunday school hymn to the tune of "We'll sing of the Green." They did not get on well, and when the leader inquired what the trouble was, somebody called his attention to the fact that he had an Englishman (at the organ) trying to play an Irish air.

The fact is that much of the Sunday school music of the day is "rag time," and unworthy to be heard in a holy place. It is strange, indeed, that leaders in Sunday school work will turn to demoralizing ditties, when the books are full of classic music, grand and beautiful and inspiring.

Illustrations by Children.

In this Sunday's Times-Dispatch we are printing for the first time illustrated essays by children, and the character of the work done by the children shows how great their advance has been in drawing. The Times-Dispatch's children's page is filling a place in Virginia that is of the greatest educational value by offering sufficient incentive to the children to get their interest aroused in both the art of composition and of illustration. So important is skill in these two branches that in the public school system of Illinois it is taught as a part of the course. The Times-Dispatch is justly pleased that it can take part in education of the children of Virginia along lines that offer such pleasant occupation and such prospective reward. Let the children by all means keep on writing and drawing. We may yet develop a Rudyard Kipling or Charles Dana Gibson.

In the Name of Decency.

The new electric cars on the Main Street line are beautiful and comfortable, and a great luxury to those who ride in them day after day. But the spitters are determined that they shall not be decent. We have been making observation since these new cars went on, and we have yet to find one of them which had not fallen a prey to some filthy spitter.

It is too bad. It is disgraceful that these clean and beautiful cars should be rendered unclean and disgusting by people of filthy habits. There is a law in this city against such abuses, and it ought to be enforced. If a few of these offenders should be hauled up before Justice Crutchfield and heavily fined they would not be apt to offend again, and the example would probably deter others from committing like offenses. Let us see to it that this abuse is stopped.

We owe it to ourselves as a decent community.

The Assaults of Satan.

(Selected for The Times-Dispatch.) "Touch his bone and his flesh, and he will curse thee to thy face."—Job ii.5. Remember that the man here spoken of is "a perfect man, and an upright, and he that feared God and eschewed evil." The speaker is Satan, who accuses him and works for his downfall.

Of course, we are all fully agreed that there is no devil. That is to be fore-granted. It is impossible for us to believe that there is a devil for this reason: Simply because there is nothing devilish in the world. How, then, can there be a devil? Every one is so good; every one is so honest; all our habits are so good; all our customs are so transparently beautiful; moral, that it is utterly impossible to believe that there is a devil. Why, then, do we speak of the existence of the devil? Because, alas! on every side there is so much devilishness!

In this incident it will be our privilege to see the devil twice wrong. Here is a man, called Job, who is chosen as the battle field. The great contest before us is God against the devil. We have never before seen the battle so sharply defined. The devil, up to this time, has been working and walking in the dark; but now he has the audacity to actually challenge the Almighty to fight; the challenge has been accepted!

But what of Job in that case? Had he no compensation? Was it all worth

and suffering and pain and humiliation on his part? Was there nothing on the other side? Surely God will not call a man to endure all that the devil can inflict upon him without sustaining him and blessing abundantly his life in the end. It is surely something to be God's proof man; to be called out as the particular man, on whose character, intelligence, grace, patience, fortitude and faith great results are to be stalked.

That is the view which we should take of our affliction. We are perhaps made the medium through which God is answering the devil's challenge. He may have said concerning you, "Take his health away, take his trade away, touch his bone and his flesh and see what he will do." What has thou done?

Let us take in this wise the discipline of personal sorrow and individual trial. It will help us bear whatever God may send with a more resigned, nay, even a cheerful heart!

The devil may have said: "Take his only son away, and thou wilt take his religion away," and God has allowed that dear boy to be removed. How dost thou bear it? There are great stakes pending. God said: "He will bear it well, with the grace of a sanctified heart." The devil said: "He will burn his Bible and cast down his family altar and lose his faith." Who is right?

If thou art bearing that heavy loss well, bowing thy poor knees at the same altar, and saying, though it be with a choking in thy poor throat, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord," thou hast won a signal victory for your God.

The Lord keeps thee! It is bitter suffering. There is a hard stress upon thy poor life; a heavy burden on thy aching heart! Thou needest all the grace treasured by for thee in the immeasurable heart of Christ; but His grace is sufficient for thee. Draw heavily upon it, and the more thou dost yearn for that healing grace, the more it shall be given thee, even to overflow, in satisfying abundance.

Could Job now look over the ages that have been healed and comforted by his example, and stimulated to bear the ills of life by the grateful memory of his invincible patience, surely even now in heaven, he would be receiving the reward of his long continued and terrible endurance of that permitted visitation. It may be so with thee, poor man! poor woman! Thou dost not get all the sweetness; now this shall be to thee a memory in heaven long ages hence, and the writhing thou hast now may minister to thee then a high delight, keen enjoyment, a rapture pure and abiding.

Who can tell where God's rewards end? Who will venture to say: "This is the measure of His benediction." He is able to give and "to do exceedingly abundantly above all that we can ask or think."

Job's life has been read by countless readers. His of course, was a public trial, a tragedy that was wrought out for the benefit of multitudes in all generations. Nevertheless it is literally and pathetically true that every man, the poorest and the most obscure, has his readers, fewer in number, it may be, but equally earnest in attention.

Think you that your children are not taking notice of you, seeing how you bear your temptation, and difficulties and anxieties?

Your eldest boy may be kept away from the table of the Lord, because in your gloom, sorrow, you are as atheistic as Voltaire.

Do you know that your daughter hates church, because her pious father is only pious when it suits him?

You hear your readers: The little Bible of your life is read in your kitchen, in your parlor, in your shop and in your warehouse, and if you do not bear your trials with a Christ-like heroism, what is there but mockery on earth, laughter in hell?

God gave us grace to bear His chastisement serenely, nobly! May He bless us with His peace, which passeth all understanding, and the quietness kindred to the calms of God! Help us when death is in the home and poverty on the hearthstone and sore illness laid upon the darling of the heart, or when there is a storm blinding the one poor small window, we have to say: "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

That is Christianity, not some clever chatter and able controversy about metaphysical points, nor that called "higher criticism," but a noble temper, high behavior, faultless constancy, invincible fortitude in the hour of trial and in the agony of pain.

There is an ex-member of the Legislature of New York who is now one hundred years old, and a committee has been appointed to wait upon him to congratulate him upon his long and useful life. So it is not true that all the good die young.

One calling himself a philosopher, has said that a man is a fool to drink whiskey before he is fifty years of age—and a fool not to drink it, if he wants it—after reaching that age.

Columbia, yes, Columbia. Haven't heard anything much from down there lately. Suppose she has abandoned the idea of licking the United States.

Southside Virginia farmers have not lost hope yet. They still have an idea that plows have not lost their cunning, if there ever comes a thaw.

All countries of any consequence are at all times at war to a greater or less extent. Uncle Sam is still spanking his Filipino subjects.

Universal peace seems to be about as far from the honest truth as it was when the world was born.

Warm weather will be here ere long, and when it does come it will travel without an overcoat.

Never mind about the snow. Just think of that dollar wheat next June.

In time of snow, prepare for a thaw.

HAS THE NEGRO BEEN IMPROVED BY GIVING HIM EDUCATION?

Views of

DR. H. B. FRISWELL,

Of Hampton Normal.

DR. RICHARD McILWAINE,

Of Hampden-Sidney.

CAPTAIN C. E. VAWTER,

Of the Miller Manual.

PRESIDENT I. H. JOHNSTON,

Of the Petersburg Normal.

FACTS SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES.

Dr. H. B. Friswell

You have asked me to answer the question: "Do you think that education has improved the negro race?" I believe that an educated man is always a better man than the same man uneducated, be he black or red or white. Education means to me the training of the hand and the head, and the heart. I do not consider a man really educated, be he white or black, who has not had some training along these three lines.

Slavery trained the hand to some extent, and in a few cases the heart. There came, too, as there always does through the acquiring of any craft, some training of the head. In our negro public schools we have made some progress, though a very inadequate one, for head training, and where we have secured good teachers, some training of the heart, but the training of the hand, even such as is given on the plantations, is left almost entirely neglected. The word education in the South, as in the North, has been wrongly understood as referring only to books. What a man gets out of school is a very small part of his real education.

Captain Vawter has shown that by the training of the hand, the heart and the head at the Miller Manual School, hundreds of white boys have been made self-reliant, and have been able to support themselves and to the communities to which they have gone as they would have been without it. Hampton, I am sure, can make the same showing as regards the negroes. I have seen in this small copy of a book called "Twenty-two Years' Work at Hampton," which contains short sketches of the lives of hundreds of negro and Indian boys and girls, showing what they have accomplished. What such education as they received at Hampton they would have been of little service to themselves or to their communities. You will find testimonials from the Southern superintendents of schools and from people of all classes as to what these young men's lives have meant as teachers, farmers, mechanics, preachers, business men, and as the good, decent homes of these young women, who have helped their black sisters to lead virtuous lives, and have improved the morals of the negro communities to which they have gone.

As you know, in the laundry, in the kitchen, on the farm, in the workshops, in the barns, we try to teach every boy and girl who comes to us to work intelligently, regularly, cheerfully, in order that they may be able to support themselves on the farms and in the shops, we take the students into the laboratory and the school room and teach them the meaning of the things they learn, and also do in the shops or the kitchens or on the farm. Perhaps the best thing about Hampton is its religious training, by which the students learn that service is the greatest thing in the world, and that the only way to please God is to come among their people in better homes and purer lives. And they have helped the kingdom of God to come in many a place in the South. Two or three of our graduates now are students in a model negro community about a mile outside of Portsmouth, Va., at a place called Mount Harmon. There are three hundred and fifty comfortable houses, owned by the graduates, and there is no crime, no vice, no saloon in that place and never an arrest. What Dr. Booker Washington, Hampton's most distinguished graduate, has done in helping these negroes to build up a model negro community about a mile outside of Portsmouth, Va., at a place called Mount Harmon. There are three hundred and fifty comfortable houses, owned by the graduates, and there is no crime, no vice, no saloon in that place and never an arrest. What Dr. Booker Washington, Hampton's most distinguished graduate, has done in helping these negroes to build up a model negro community about a mile outside of Portsmouth, Va., at a place called Mount Harmon. There are three hundred and fifty comfortable houses, owned by the graduates, and there is no crime, no vice, no saloon in that place and never an arrest. 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